

"GOLDEN-EYES" AND HER HERO "BILL"

BY NELL BRINKLEY



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NOW to this business, this noble game of wiping the Hunstain from the earth. Bill, with the hair cropped shorter than ever his folks knew him at home, with lines about his eyes setting the man-stamp on his face, gone again "somewhere into France," with well nigh all the world *save* honor in a fair way to be lost to him. Golden-Eyes, with her heart belted tight to the last hole, fares her hard-worked little way through the channels a woman may serve in. Once beside the road, in the shadow of a purple shadow of piled clouds, the Red Cross on her ambulance and on the sleeves of the hurrying, sure-fingered, steel-hatted men who dodged about among the wounded, showing dim in the splendid half-light, she sang the song that we on this side of "over-seas" are singing every time we read our boys are

going over the top to triumph—"The Star-Spangled-Banner."

Sang it clear and high and "cheery-o" in a field of bending red poppies like blood on gold, the blood on the pure-gold of our young soldiers' breasts, and while white faces lifted and grinned in satisfaction, she saw in the struggling, piled cloud-silhouette, her "Bill" roaring at the head of her men, "Come on fellows; you know where we're goin' from here!"

Number Three of this exquisite series by Miss Brinkley will appear two weeks from to-day; its place next Sunday being taken by a powerful Liberty Loan Poster painted especially for this paper by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy.